

PS

3525

075

1914

# Poems

FRANNIE'S FIRST BOOK





Class PS 352.5

Book - 075

PRESENTED BY 1914





*Frances Morrison*

# Poems

---

FRANNIE'S FIRST BOOK

Frances Morrison



*Hampton*

HAMPTON PRINTING COMPANY  
1914



Lovingly dedicated  
to  
My Father and Mother.

## THE BOND.

If I have felt in a violet's eyes  
The mystery of blue,  
'Tis far more meaningful to me  
If you have felt it, too.

If I have known where a dream drifts free,  
How the touch of a heart in me grew,  
It now must fairer grow to me,  
If you can know it, too.

If I have found a song—ah, see  
How infinitely true,  
That it is sweeter now to me,  
Since it is sweet to you.





Give me your hand, my friend, my friend—  
We'll journey together, you and I—  
Where the green topped mountains kiss the sky.  
We'll travel the road the bards have sung—  
And see the things where our fancies clung—  
For our limbs are strong and our hearts are young—  
Over the world our way we'll wend—  
Give me your hand, my friend, my friend.

## TO THE PIPER.

Ah, Piper, your song is for such as we,  
Deep in the twisted heart it goes,  
And lives and lives and grows and grows  
In the sound of your spring-warm melody.

You tenderly lift wee, broken wings  
Of little dreams that never grew,  
And you teach them the way a Piper sings,  
And you heal their hurts with dawn-rose dew.

Oh, we may go back to Hamelin town,  
But it never dies, it never dies.  
The terrible little broken things  
Have heard the way a Piper sings—  
The way a Piper sings and sings,  
And the rainbow gleam is still in our eyes.

## SONG OF THE MORNING.

Away from the sleeping, weary town—  
Make haste and let us away!  
Let us climb and climb and ever climb—  
To see the dawn of the day.

Dewdrops hang on blade and flower—  
Young winds the gnarled trees sway—  
And touch our cheeks with light caress—  
They sing of the dawn of the day.

Behind we leave the things that bind  
Oh ever so far away—  
With a mad, glad joy to be alive  
We greet the dawn of the day.

## TO PSYCHE.

Why hast thou held thy lamp so high  
Throughout the years?  
Was it to keep it fair and dry  
From mortals' tears  
That thou stoodst far,  
A waiting star?

Why held the slender silver flame  
That we passed by?  
Lifted, it only knew the name  
Of human sigh,  
And gave no sign  
Of soul divine.

.“I held it where the air was free  
From mortal dark,  
That growing upward, you might see  
One gleaming spark—  
A perfect thing,  
To make you sing.”

## IT WAS THE HOUR OF SPRING FLOWERS.

It was the hour of spring flowers,  
We touched them as we passed,  
And lingered in their fragrance  
Even to the last.

The sunset dew fell on us,  
And we were unafraid,  
And life was as it came to us;  
We glimpsed it undismayed.

Night crept on, in the long ago,  
Yet, still, I hold this fast—  
We had one hour of spring flowers,  
And touched them as we passed.

## FLAME.

I am Flame  
Child of the fire  
Boundless am I  
In mad desire.  
Leaping to burn  
Higher and higher  
I am Flame  
Child of the fire.

## PLAY.

I know so many games to play  
Sometimes it's very hard to tell  
Which one I'd like to play today,  
Just any game won't do as well.

Play this nice game, my mother 'll say,  
I try real hard, 'cause I'm afraid  
I'll hurt her feelings—but that play,  
That old play simply won't be played.

## THE MASTERPIECE.

I've worked so hard, why, every day  
I haven't had one bit of fun,  
I haven't gone out doors to play,  
I've made It—and now it is done.

I've dreamed of it most every night,  
It's the first I've ever sewed for Her;  
I tried so hard to make it right  
And I thought it would be prettier.

## THE GIFT OF THE FAIRIES.

The fairy crouched low in the old gnarled tree  
As the white-winged angel past her flew  
Down she swept from the starlit blue  
With a child in her arms—angels can't see  
Queer little fairies crouched in a tree.

The white-winged angel breathed a kiss  
She held in her arms a little princess  
And whispered a prayer with sweet caress.  
But the wrinkled fairy gave a hiss  
At the sound of the white-winged angel's kiss.

The moon came forth from beyond the sea.  
From a door in its face—snow-ridged,  
Crept a stork where the silver rays had bridged.  
The stork bore a babe and stopped 'neath the tree  
And the queer little fairy swung to see.

She smiled and leaned from the old gnarled tree.  
She tweaked the child's ear—and the stork cried out,  
"Have a care, you fool, what you're about!"  
But she only laughed with impish glee  
And swung on the limb of the old gnarled tree.

She said—"What I'm about you'll see.  
The first child sleeps in a royal bed,  
This is only another mouth to be fed,  
But the gift of the fairies she's had from me."  
The young leaves laughed on the old gnarled tree.

This child knew the heart song of the sea,  
She climbed the mountains near to the skies—  
She leaned 'gainst a tree and saw the moon rise,  
She thought, "How the young leaves are singing to me."  
'Twas only a fairy, laughing with glee  
As she swung on the limb of the old gnarled tree.



## THE LOST THING.

In the old walled garden I used to play  
With the bushy-tailed squirrels that swing in the trees  
And send little notes to a land far away  
By the strong young arms of the evening breeze.

The tiny pool's fishes all scarlet and gold  
Greeted me joyously every day  
And the big bluejays, handsome and bold,  
Always had something to say.

I found the hole where the fairy queen hides,  
The quaint mossy cave where she always goes,  
I saw the butterfly steeds she rides  
And once I saw her in the heart of a rose.

Now the old-time voices to me are dumb—  
I went away and left something behind,  
Without which my joy will be ever numb—  
What the child cast away the man can not find.

Another small boy in my old garden plays—  
Today I came on him unaware,  
And I knew as I looked in his happy face  
The thing I had lost—he had found it there.

## THE LILY.

Last night beside the garden wall  
I saw a lily, white and tall.  
As I looked, I could see  
That it was smiling right at me.  
This morning in the garden bed  
I found my lily lying dead.  
Do you think that it did really know—  
Last night when it was smiling so—  
And only wanted me to see  
And remember it had smiled at me?

## THE NEST.

"Sing to me! Sing!" Sang the bird to her mate.

"I can't," he replied, "for the summer draws near.

"I must work early and I must work late

"For the nest. When 'tis done, I will sing, my dear—"

So all the day long

He worked without song

Cleverly fashioning without rest—

'Till at last it was done—the wee snug nest.

"Sing to me! Sing!" he sang to his mate.

"I'll sing to you now, for the summer is here."

He was singing at last, but singing too late.

In a faraway tree sang her notes sweet and clear.

His was the rest

And the wee snug nest.

But the days before him lay empty and long,

For what is a nest that hasn't a song?

## TO A ROSE.

I am the Sun—and I hold you

From the dawn till the day is done.

Nothing else may touch or enfold you,

I love you! And I am the Sun.

I am the Sun, from above you,

No rain or mist has begun

To caress your face, for I love you!

They dare not! For I am the Sun.

I am the Sun, and my giving

Has deadened the life it begun.

My loving, I would have your living—

I killed you. Yet I am the Sun.

## THE SONG THAT FANCY SINGS TO FACT.

You say that I should envy you  
Because of all that you can do.  
Yet lives that you have dulled and worn  
And hearts that you have ground and torn,  
Escape from you and back to me  
They come to wander light and free.  
You fain would follow in my way  
Where there are dreams by night and day.  
    You need not try—  
    For I can fly!

You know how far the moon's away—  
But I can touch it in my play.  
There's naught too far and naught too high  
For me to find it, as I fly.  
For everything you've built on earth  
I've given a million others birth—  
Of the smile of the sun and the tears of the rain  
I've fashioned castle walls in Spain—  
    Yes, you have things—  
    But I have wings!

## THE GARDEN BEYOND THE WALLS.

There is a garden beyond the walls  
    Where daisies and faerie fern nod,  
And butterflies touch the roses,  
    Who raise wistful faces to God.

There is a garden beyond the walls,  
    Where all the children go,  
And I see the dream in their faces,  
    But that is all I may know.

## THE SONG OF THE SWING.

Sing, swing—up I go,  
Farther than I can ever know!  
Over the chimney-pots so far  
I almost touch the evening star.  
The chimney-pots are not so black  
When I come back.

Sing, swing—up so high,  
Singing and swinging to the sky;  
It's the wonderfulest thing  
To swing and sing and sing and swing,  
Singing oh! swinging oh!  
So, swing, sing, up I go!

## THE CHRIST AT THE CROSSROADS.

Ah, Sorry Man, they came all day,  
They came and came and went away,  
And each one told you why he cried,  
And no one saw your poor hurt side;  
And they were mumbling all the while,  
And all of them forgot to smile.

So, Sorry Man, I've come to you  
To tell you all the things we do—  
How we dance and why we play,  
And how we sing in every way!  
For you are hurt and can not stir,  
I would not make you sorrier!

## THE LADY OF THE TWILIGHT.

The Lady of the Twilight  
Comes from the valleys deep;  
She walks along the frowning heights,  
Her tender watch to keep;  
Her robe is woven sunset clouds  
And new-born stars asleep.

The Lady of the Twilight  
Comes to guard her fold;  
She stoops to warn the world of night,  
And bid the storms withhold;  
She walks across the sea to me,  
And leaves a trail of gold.

## “THOU SHALT LOVE THY NEIGHBOR.”

I know a real nice neighbor lady,  
She's got a dog whose name is Mike;  
She lets me help her in her garden—  
Oh, she's just wonderful to like!

But we have got another neighbor,  
Who's cross and not one bit of fun,  
And I'm so glad the Bible says  
I only have to love just one!



## DEAR LITTLE LADY IN THE BIG BED.

Dear little Lady, in the big bed,  
Heart-thoughts are traveling swift to you,  
Swift as the wind for they are love sped,  
Thoughts that are old,—yet ever are new.

May Time relax her vigilance grim  
Forget that the moments have fled;  
Make for you all but Hope grow dim,  
Dear little Lady in the big bed.

May night bring you ever again  
Dreams that will come, Hope-led,  
Whose shadowy fingers soften Pain,  
Dear little Lady in the big bed.

## THE OLD STORY.

I've often watched the other boys,  
From sports I was debarred.  
I couldn't do the things they did,  
Must play in my front yard.

And now that I'm a man,  
I find my pleasures yet are marred.  
The others do the things,—while I  
Still stay in my front yard.

## WHAT'S THE USE?

I'm not a one fer preachin'  
Er a heapin' of abuse.  
My creed is very simple,  
"What's the use?"

Don't waste a lot o' time  
A wishin' fer th' moon.  
Don't mourn fer winter weather  
When it's June.

A lot o' surplus energy  
Is wasted every day,  
Till we begin to calc'late,  
Does it pay?

## A SONNET ON THE RAIN.

I love to hear the rain on the roof  
With a soft steady pitter-patter,  
To be sure it is hard on washing day,—  
But, after all,—does that matter?

I can sit and dream the hours away,  
My soul uplifted from sordid cares,  
I forget the world's existence, then,—  
Are the windows all shut down stairs?

I hate those who fail to appreciate rain,  
Who feel its burden, the lubbers,  
Why can't they enjoy it, just as I can.  
Are you sure Nelly wore her rubbers?

## ADRIFT.

The wind flopped loose, and the rifted clouds  
Anon hid the moon from my eyes,  
As she struggled hard with the scudding breeze  
'Gainst the restless gloom of the skies.

The land loomed black, and its twinkling lights  
In dark shadows numberless  
Were lost,—and sounds of mortal life  
Were drowned in the wild waves' cess.

The pale sheet ripped as my good stout craft  
High lifted was by the billows' might.  
In the salt-stung spray of the wind-swept night  
My soul communed with the Infinite.

## THE OPEN SEA.

My soul is like a wee, frail boat,  
That restless tugs at the cords that bind,  
And longs for the tide to cast it afloat,  
And so leave the harbor far behind.

High it would ride on the white waves' crest  
By the whims of a wayward wind be led,  
Ne'er looking back at the land's sheltering breast,  
But ever ahead! ahead! ahead!

What matter to me things that are gone,  
If this be life or death to me,  
For ever seek I, ever and on,  
The mastering kiss of the open sea.

## THE FATE OF THE MATE OF THE "MAY LUCILE."

The wind was blowing hard as hell, the old sea-sailors said,  
And our ship was rushing madly, like a crazy gull ahead,  
And below in his bunker lay our captain nearly dead.

The waves were dashing high enough to douse the moon with  
    spray,  
The sea birds circled wildly, like vandals kept at bay,  
And shrieked and derided us and swooped down for their prey.

"I tell ye," yelled the first mate, "it ain't no use to fight,  
The sea has got us sure as fate, and it will have its right,  
So drop the captain overboard, or we'll go down this night."

We hung iron weights upon his feet and weighted him with  
    lead,  
And gently dropped him overboard, like as the mate had said,  
And below in the sea-depths sank our captain, cold and dead.

The sea raged on in fury and the spray went up so far  
It came an ace of snuffing out the only guiding star,  
And still our ship went plunging and a-lunging toward the bar.

I yelled out to the first mate, "Have you clean forgot to steer?"  
He turned on me a face like death, with eyes agog with fear,  
And his hands were shaking violently, so, of course, he didn't  
    hear.

And when I looked beside him, I could see he didn't feel  
Exactly like a hornpipe, nor again, just like a reel,  
For the captain's ghost was standing with his hand upon the  
    wheel.

When morning threw its crimson streaks across our swaying  
    keel,  
Into tranquil harbor sailed our ship, the "May Lucile,"  
But no captain's ghost was standing with his hand upon the  
    wheel.

And from our weary, anxious throats went up a mighty cheer,  
And some of us forgot ourselves to even shed a tear,  
But the mate lay cold on deck, with eyes agog with fear.

We hung iron weights upon his feet and weighted him with  
    lead,  
And gently dropped him overboard, like as himself had said,  
For below us in the sea-depths lay our captain cold and dead.

### THE LOST SHIP.

Many beautiful ships I sent to sea,  
Full-laden with precious hopes,  
And I watched them sail, till they ceased to be,  
Till the horizon dip hid them from me.

I watched them away, with never a thought  
That the joy of giving might not be repaid,  
That three-fold the love I had sent would be brought  
To my full arms—Yes, fools must be taught.

Gone is the ship where I lavished my soul—  
My tenderest caresses are lost—  
The ships are returned—great Treasure, the whole,  
Yet gone the ship, where I lavished my soul.

My dear little ship with its white sails spread,  
Is hid by a mist from my eyes;  
And my heart was ever by madness led  
To grope for the place where its crew lies dead.

Yet the softening years have made me see  
I am glad of the treasure I gave.  
When night sets my hungry yearning free,  
My little lost ship comes back to me.



## REVERIES.

My youthful days were dream caressed,—  
Ever dreamed I of the deeds  
That I should do, attaining manhood's brave estate  
Always coveted by fools.  
The loves that I should have,  
The joy of a ripe happiness,  
And now,—God pity, ever must we learn,  
I know it all! That manhood brought me nothing  
Save the truth, which taught the emptiness of dreams,  
And though I builded with my might  
The life within my fancy died,  
And ever dwell I by its tomb.

\* \* \*

Ever sat she, crooning  
Before the fires of Hope,  
And though they smoldering  
Fainter grew and ashy  
Fell to the chill hearth,  
She heeded not nor knew  
When those young fires were dead.  
For such her nature was,  
And thus she lived content.

## AFTER THE YEARS.

After the years, my hands may grow  
Old and hard and weak and slow;  
Still, yours from others they will know,  
After the years.

After the years, my heart may grow  
Worn and torn with ceaseless woe;  
Still, yours from others it will know,  
After the years.

## DREAMS.

If I had dreams to give,  
Tell me, what would you choose?  
A dream as frail  
As a moonflower pale  
Wet with twilight dew,  
Drifting away  
At kiss of day—  
If I could give, what would you choose?

If I had dreams to give,  
Tell me, what would you choose?  
The touch of a star,  
Coming close, from afar,  
Tell me, could you refuse?  
Singing away  
In your heart, through the day.  
If I could give, what would you choose?

## ROSES.

Time is fled—and twilight shows  
Life is more than Nature's graces,  
And I have seen wan human faces  
Whiter than the rose.

Quickening comes, when one knows,  
Deeper, simple, inner yearning,  
Halts to feel that hearts are burning  
Redder than the rose.

Happiness comes when there grows  
A sense of color, sent from heaven,  
A throb of song to mankind given,  
Sweeter than the rose.

## THE PERFECT HOUR.

In the endless chain of everyday task  
I pray not for fame and not for power,  
But a single answer to Self I ask,  
Give me—Ah! give me the perfect hour.

Let fall from me all the toils that bind.  
Give me the power to understand,  
To feel the consciousness of kind,  
To walk unmasked and hand in hand.

Let all around me, bring to me,  
Thrills I have sought since life began—  
The wonderful joy of harmony,  
The perfect response of Nature and Man.

And let me come on this unaware,  
As under dead leaves one flawless flower,  
Fairer than everything else that is fair,  
The experience of the perfect hour.

## THE DREAM.

You cannot love me—and yet you found  
The dream I showed your eyes exceeding fair.  
I do not blame you for myself that you have touched it here  
and there  
With gladsome fingers, so—it is the way of things  
To shatter dreams—but, oh! the sobbing sound  
Of some sweet mating bird—it sings, it sings  
Into the heart of me that I have stolen it for you.  
The rainbow's smiles and the dawn-red dew—  
Ah, what comes of the dream I have stolen for you?

## FAIRIES.

I left the fairies suddenly,  
And swift away I ran,  
To learn and learn and learn and learn,  
And grow to be a man.

But when they found that I had gone,  
Their golden shoes ran after,  
And in the caverns of my dreams  
I hear their rainbow laughter.

## THE LAND OF MAKE-BELIEVE.

Do you remember, Lady, we used to live  
In the land of Make-Believe;  
There was never a time, then, you wouldn't forgive,  
In the Land of Make-believe.

I, errant knight, oft broke my vow  
In the Land of Make-believe;  
You pardoned me then, why won't you now?  
For the Land of Make-believe.

You say, "This is real, and that was play  
In the Land of Make-believe."  
Yes, I know, but that was the happier day  
In the Land of Make-believe.

You forgive? You will come? You murmur "Yes,"  
To the Land of Make-believe.  
We'll go there together,—find happiness,  
In the Land of Make-believe.

## A MEMORY.

I stood on the curb, and all around  
The iron hearted city rumbled and groaned  
A rasping, tiring, perpetual sound,  
It shrieked, swore and gaspingly moaned.

As I waited, watching the ceaseless line,  
Life seemed such a sorry loss  
Of dreams, ideals, and men's very souls;  
A little voice pled, "Take me across."

I tremble at the touch of your tiny hand,  
Little girl, as it in mine lies,  
And I say half fearful, I know not why,  
"Little girl, you've your mother's eyes."

Time grows young, 'tis a far away June,  
The flowering jasmine breath's on the air;  
The earth is beautiful, for me love-tuned,  
By a maid who is wondrously, wondrously fair.

I stand on the curb, and all around  
The iron-hearted city makes great moan,  
But all unheeding am I of the sound,  
My miracle lives tho' I am alone.

## REMEMBRANCE.

Now, not all my rainbow fancy  
Can make my living night less black;  
It did not make you beautiful,  
Nor can it bring your beauty back.



## SONG.

I have stolen an hour from the night, my love,  
And ridden through moon-white dew,  
Beyond the gleam  
Of the silver stream,  
And the old town held in a drowsy dream.  
Over the hills and away, my love,  
While a million stars are bright, my love,  
Over the hills, I have ridden to you.

I have stolen an hour from the night, my love,  
And now for one smile, I sue.  
The garden lies deep  
In the arms of sleep— ..  
Only the stars a tender watch keep.  
Look down from your casement but once, my love,  
The world is for your delight, my love—  
I have stolen an hour from the night for you.

## LOVE SONG.

When God's world was only a dream,  
He saved from the moon one golden gleam,  
Held it and loved it until it grew  
Into the shining hair of you.

So through the night the sky seem not far,  
He saved from the heavens one wistful star,  
Drew it away from the infinite blue  
Into the fathomless eyes of you.

One exquisite link sent from above,  
He saved for the world, a bit of his love,  
Held it trustfully till it grew  
Into the woman-soul of you!

## THE STAR.

I could not see it in my moon,  
The skies seemed far away.  
I felt no soul beneath my June—  
No need beyond my day.

It was the twilight showed my eyes  
To find my dream afar,  
That taught my wingless heart to rise  
And led me to a star.

## MOONRISE.

The moon-winds whisper soft and low,  
Night meets day in one throbbing kiss,  
Drifting and lingering sweet and slow,  
The moon winds whisper soft and low.

The moon light shimmers and the pale stars know  
God has made nothing fairer than this.  
The moon winds whisper soft and low,  
Night meets day in one throbbing kiss.

The sunset dies and the flame-touched sea  
Forgets the heartache of its world-old woe,  
The break, break, break, unceasingly  
Of its strength on the rocks of Eternity.

## AFTERMATH.

I find no thing more terrible,  
Since life at best is all too fleet,  
Than by his lonely grave to hear  
The words that would have made life sweet.

## SPRING.

Swift-flowing sap sings in the green boughs,  
The swollen shrub-tips are flowering in bud,  
The awakening brook cascades from the hillock  
And steals through green meadows, a murmuring flood.  
Gay-feathered flocks wing their way northward,  
Their warblings re-echo and never abate,  
And borne on the South Wind I hear softly sounding  
The clear-noted Bluebird calling his mate.

Throughout the woods is wafted rare perfume,  
For slender-stemmed violets breathe on the air.  
Under the dead leaves are blooming new miracles,  
Sweet chalcid lilies,—white-somely, fair.  
I am coming, dear love, swiftly I'm coming,  
The spell of the spring-time bids me not wait  
Though the journey is long and the world lies between us,  
The heart of the Bluebird is calling his mate.

## SPRING.

Under the snows I buried my grief,  
With fading bloom and dying leaf,  
Under the snows,  
Where no one knows.

When spring awoke I sought my grief,  
Among the waking spray and leaf,  
Nor found it doomed—  
A flower had bloomed!

## THE WINTER GARDEN.

I know a winter garden,  
Where all the white flowers go,  
Souls that the wind had played with,  
Flowers that forgot to grow.  
Men say that they are snowflakes  
Because they do not know.

A lady lives in the garden,  
And, oh—she is fair, so fair!  
Tenderer than earthly things  
And sweeter far than care.  
Her kisses are a breath of death—  
I know—for I went there!

## THE TWILIGHT LAND.

A wonderful place is the twilight land  
Which the dying sun has, lingering, kissed,  
And night is near and with gentle hand  
Has hung the moon in a gold-gray mist.

From out the boughs of the tired old trees  
Comes the faint sweet cheep of a waking bird,  
And the soft caress of the evening breeze  
The webs on the dew-wet grass has stirred.

Often as I have been standing there  
I have felt the soul of a hidden fire—  
Not the half-made grief of unanswered prayer,  
But the exquisite pain of unknown desire.

In the moonlit dusk, again and again,  
There is something we feel and can ne'er understand.  
Pain that is joy and joy that is pain—  
In the shadowy heart of the twilight land.

## WHEN YOU ARE TIRED.

When you are tired and old and worn with grief,  
And sitting in the twilight glow, remember then,  
And softly lift the years and muse of when  
You found the moments deep and sweet and brief.

Yes, lift the years and feel some passing gleam,  
And finger them as little garments, laid away,  
Outgrown, outlived—yet never may  
You lose the tiny, clutching handhold of that dream.

## FANTASY.

Where the lean, dark tree arms touch the pale stars—  
Follow me!  
Where the surf goes moaning along the bars—  
There is she!  
Fantasy!

I kiss her white hands and I hear her voice croon—  
*Moss-* Moss-mad me!  
We dance by the light of a phantom moon.  
Fair is she!  
Fantasy!

## LIFT YE THE MASK.

Why weep for those who weep? Ah, I  
Count that, indeed, a weary task.  
No! weep for those whose eyes are dry,  
Whose hearts alone a-flaming ask,  
And if they smile, ah, pass not by,  
But tenderly lift ye the mask!



## A PERSPECTIVE LULLABY.

Dear little boy-babe, hushaby low,  
I wish I could keep you little, just so,  
But soon you'll be wanting to shave off your curls,  
And spending your evenings calling on girls,  
And soon you'll be puffing at bad cigarettes  
And feeling as sick as any boy gets.

And you and the fellows will be in a frat  
At college, rough football,—let's not think of that,  
Then,—how my heart aches, I see through a blur  
The time, little son, when you will find Her  
And all of your man-love will go to another.  
It is right, I suppose, but—I am your Mother.

Dear little boy-babe, hushaby low,  
I wish I could keep you little, just so.

## A LULLABY.

Song of the sea, sing me to sleep,  
Away from the weary wastes of the world;  
Voice of the vast volumeless deep—  
Song of the sea, sing me to sleep.

Wind of the waves, waft me to rest,  
Comforting well with cooling caress,  
Bearing me high on your billowing breast,  
Wind of the waves, waft me to rest.

Song of the sea, sing me to sleep,  
While soft splashes o'er the sea weed sand seep,  
While shimmering stars a waiting watch keep,  
Song of the sea, sing me to sleep.

## SONNET.

Mysterious one! shall I call you blind  
To see no nightfall in the sunset flame?  
Is it to me or you belongs the blame  
That naught but glory could you ever find?  
Ah! you have left wing-footed care behind,  
And tenderly have lingered when the name  
Was all that I found left of love or fame.  
No power on earth your hopeful eyes could bind.  
You knew my joy, yet never knew my pain.  
To you the dark'ning heavens seemed still blue.  
I closed my heart to you, that I might feign,  
And when the inky sky upon me drew,  
I prayed my loss should only be your gain,  
And left the stars to always sing to you.

## A LAMENT.

Mellowing glow of a harvester's moonlight,  
Whose pale yellow beams  
Throw silvery gleams  
On a generous Nature's yearly yields,  
Flame flecking the leaves, which a Frost King's might  
Painted with colors gay.  
On a wintering day,  
How can I look on the pillaged fields!

Murmuring breath of an Indian Summer  
Your whispering tells  
The songbird's farewell.  
Yet the Spirit of Autumn is blind,  
For never a word of the chill newcomer,  
Gone is the breeze,  
And the bare stripped trees  
Shine cold in the pitiless wind.

## THE ROAD.

Away from it all  
And into the wild—  
Where Something has stormed,  
But Someone has smiled.  
Down with the load!  
Let us follow the road.

On, on let us go  
In the trail of the gleam  
Of the sun on the snow,  
We'll remember and know,  
There spring is asleep in the heart of a dream.  
Out from the hollow,  
Starwise to the sky,  
You will follow—  
Can I?

## THE FUTURE.

What of the years, the coming years,  
With hungry hands and wistful eyes—  
That bend on me a look that sears  
Can I give them aught that satisfies?

Or is everything I have today—  
A transient joy—a passing kiss—  
Fate has flung me on her way  
And I unworthy of all this?

The past is dead—within me fears  
Of my own smallness must arise.  
What of the years, the coming years,  
With hungry hands and wistful eyes?

## THE WANDERER.

The Wanderer am I—no hand nor heart holds me,  
Over the world I take my way,  
I travel by night and I travel by day.  
There's never a soul to care or say  
Which road I take. On, on I go.  
I wander free!

The Wanderer am I—naught else would I be—  
I sleep by night by the red bonfire,  
I sleep or I wake at my own desire,  
I fear no hurt save the honest ire  
Of the blowing wind! On I go.  
I wander free!

The Wanderer am I—yet sometimes do I see  
Christmas candles on some tree,  
And I listen to childish revelry,  
And scarce for the very life of me  
Can I take my staff—On I go!  
I wander free!

## I DREAMED LAST NIGHT.

I dreamed last night,—  
My dream brought rare content.  
The ugly, bare, discoloured years  
Slipped from me,—quickly went.  
The scorching memory flame that sears  
Was gone. I remembered, yes,  
But without the sting Life meant,  
The joys that never were,—I tasted all,  
Drained thoughts to their very dregs  
And found no bitterness there, no gall.  
Ah, yes! I dreamed last night.

## THE DESERT.

The desert is wide and lone and still,  
No sound of sea—no hint of hill,  
No throb of another's heart or will—  
Only the desert—lone and still.

I gaze as far as I can see.  
Gray, flat sand encircles me,  
Dead, mute land engirdles me.  
I gaze 'til I know not memory.

The days slip dully on and by.  
Do I wake or sleep or live or die,  
Endless still around will lie—  
Dead, gray sand and lifeless sky.

## THE GYPSY HEART.

The wind blows hard on the road tonight  
And the gypsy folk are abroad,  
And the caravans sway on the rough highway  
Under the moon's weird light.

The church is snug 'gainst the darkening gale,  
And my good-man prays with his flock,  
But my soul is led where the campfire's red,  
I follow an ever-lost gypsy trail.

Tonight the gypsy folk are abroad  
And my gypsy blood burns hot in my veins,  
My lips grow dry,—my prayers die,  
For my gypsy heart must respond to its god.



## TWO PICTURES.

I stand by, as in some waking dream,  
And see philosophers grim and old,  
Hands clutching musty books, where bends the gleam,  
Of strained eyes seeking Truth untold.  
'Tis this, they, wise men, have bought,  
With the pain of doubtings numberless,  
With the heavy scarring of lean years,  
That the world be taught  
Truth—to know should bring true happiness.  
What matter if Truth soothes or sears?

I stand by, as in some waking dream,  
And see a silent figure in a dim-lit place  
For worship, where one altar candle throws a gleam,  
Falling softly on a woman's worn, tired face.  
Yet in her eyes  
There is a light that I instinctive feel  
Is Faith, and as she rising, slowly, goes,  
Her flower off'ring lies,  
On the still altar, and I shame-faced, kneel,  
And with reverent fingers touch the rose.

## "WE'LL GO NO MORE A'WANDERING."

We'll go no more a'wandering,  
Where the hill-winds croon;  
No more go faring, hand in hand,  
Beneath the hunter's moon.

For Winter brings his icy blasts,  
And steals the nights too soon,  
So we'll go no more a'wandering  
Beneath the hunter's moon.

## THE WINE OF LIFE.

A man he was, strong and sturdy built,  
Yet like to every man of mortal born,  
For through his mind there coursed a burning thought,  
"I seek what men for ages past have sought,  
I seek the Wine of Life!"  
Unto him came Hope, crowned  
With the garlands of his own desires.  
"Oh, man!" she cried, and took his hand in hers,  
"I am young and strong,—your leader will I be."  
And so together set they off throughout the world  
To seek the Wine of Life.

And anon came they to Youth,  
A maiden beautiful,—rare in laughing charm,  
"Drink, man," she said, "Drink from the goblet,  
I shall fill it at the gushing spring."  
But Hope bade him go on and he  
Must fain obey. "Farewell, Youth," cried he,  
"I will return and give Thee of the precious Wine."  
In pity for him, answered Youth,  
"Men oft return and call upon me,  
But in vain; they do not find me.  
It is but then that they can realize  
They do love my charm. Go, man,  
You will remember, but too late."

Love found him; she was fair to look upon,  
And filled his soul with flaming fire.  
Deep drained he of her magic draught  
And dreamed a world of measureless content.  
But at last there came a day when Hope  
Drove him forth in further quest, and forth  
He went,—Love's kisses hot upon his lips,  
Her voice pleading she might share his quest.  
Glancing back, he saw her leaning abject  
'Gainst the cold stone of the fountain's brim  
And at her feet lay the broken vessel,  
Yet He sought the Wine of Life.

The Halls of Fame held wide their doors;  
Entering, found he those Posterity would know.  
They said to him, "We have the Wine of Life,  
Come, brother-man, dwell with us forever."  
But when he looked deep in their eyes  
He knew they lied, half mad with worldly praise.  
So further he journeyed into the world,  
To seek the Wine of Life.

Nigh unto the Halls of Fame, lives Wealth,  
Who tempted him and so he drank  
The golden liquid which she offered him  
And all around him glittered treasures  
More than his trembling hands could grasp,  
More than his vassal mind could comprehend.  
Hope beside him tore her hair in eagerness,  
Her frenzy sickened him and swift he dragged her forth,  
She limped as submissive still she followed,  
To seek the Wine of Life.

In the church's dim old sanctuary  
Found he peace; and Hope, weary,  
Slept drugged beside him like a tired child.  
There, ministered they unto him,  
But still his spirit thirsted  
To taste the Wine of Life.

O'er broad acres fared he forth once more.  
Alone was he, for Hope, footsore and lame,  
Had stayed behind, and he felt tired and old.  
Anon he stumbled and at last he fell,  
And down upon him beat the mid-day sun.  
Then to him there came a woman, strong  
And beautiful in her aged kindliness,  
Who, mothering, bent to take him in her arms.  
"Dear voyager," she breathed, "Drink of the Wine of Life  
And it will bring you life, precious as you wish."  
His dry lips touched the cup she offered him  
And feverishly he drained it to the dregs  
But found naught but sweetness there.

"Oh Thou who has brought me my desire,"  
Quoth he, "Given me to drink what I did seek,  
The Wine of Life, tell me who 'Thou art."  
But smilingly she answered him,  
"Man, I am Death," and wondering, he replied,  
"Ah, why can not men know Death will give  
To them the Wine of Life?  
That in good time they will find their heart's desire?  
Could I not tell them it is so?"  
But sorrowing, Death shook her head,  
"Man, thou couldst tell, but would they believe?"  
He knew she spake what was true,  
That every man must journey far,  
To find the Wine of Life.

"NAY, DO NOT PITY HIM! HE NEEDS IT NOT."

Nay, do not pity him—he needs it not,  
For he remembered what we have forgot.  
Look rather on us common men,  
Who sober go and come,  
Striving for naught beyond our ken,  
Unimagining and dumb.  
God, God! better the stress  
Of broken songfulness  
Than this!

He does not miss  
The glory he could only half express.  
Better to have gone so far, than not at all,  
To have followed a tangled golden thread  
Ever ahead.  
Better to have answered one wild call,  
Better died than never lived at all!  
Nay, do not pity him—he needs it not,  
For he remembered what we have forgot.  
He died within the altar candles' mystic gleam,  
In death, his closing eyes still held their living dream!



## BOY AND MAN.

We played in grandfather's orchard—  
She was six and I was eight—  
And I felt that we were happy—  
But Jim Jones swung on the gate.

"Come, do play house with me," I begged,  
"And don't you look at him."  
She raised her eyes in dainty scorn:  
"But I'd rather play with Jim."

Then mighty wrath possessed my soul—  
I saw her turn away—  
I buried my teeth in her dimpled arm—  
I was a boy that day.

We strolled in grandfather's orchard—  
I with my old playmate.  
Fifteen years had swift slipped by,  
Yet there was Jim at the gate.

"Come, do keep house for me," I begged;  
"Ah, don't look back at him."  
She raised her smiling eyes to mine:  
"I'd rather do it for Jim."

Though mighty love possessed my soul,  
I swiftly turned away,  
And opened wide the gate for Jim—  
I was a man that day.



## THE WALLS.

I sit behind the walls that I have made,  
Unheeding and unfeeling of the world,  
Hearing my own heart-throbs beat dully  
Against my boundaries;

—And yet  
Beyond, are there other pulsing souls,  
And life, varying, infinite, above  
My poor comprehension. I know it not—  
This life—yet can I know a longing,  
Wide, limitless and love-fierce as the wind,  
Leaping to be loosed and surge across the world!

What can I mean? I made these walls  
Of my own selfishness—Beautiful in cold perfection—  
And I within

Should be content—content to live  
Enshrined in my own consciousness,  
Lifting my face to the glory  
Of the far-off stars:—

Content to live:—  
To live! \* \* \* —Life! This is not life! I want  
No far-off stars, but the vivid touch  
Of living hearts upon my heart!  
This I can not find. Voices hear I.  
They are calling me—I can hear but  
Never know.

Behind my walls sit I.  
And if my song shall ever rise above,  
It shall sound joyful and only I  
May feel gray echoes send it back to me.  
I can not answer! I have bruised myself  
Against my boundaries:—Still stand  
The walls—they will not fall—And I am dumb!

Yet, shall they not ever baffle thus—  
Reaching out, my hands, my heart I send  
Myself out in full response.

Desire,  
Strong, immense, prophetic, stirs in me—  
Unfolding, growing, living! I will come!  
Though the walls pale, unyielding, strive to stay  
And blind me, waiting, shall I know.  
Sure of heart-throbs drawing nearer shall  
They fall—I have conquered!  
I will come!

### “COMPLETE ANNIHILATION.”

(Reaction to Berkleyism.)

This bed of mine can't choose but me,  
As long as I perceive it;  
If I'm asleep and cannot see,  
How can I quite believe it?

To disappear it need not try,  
For bent upon it from o'erhead,  
There is an ever-seeing Eye,  
To safely watch my little bed.

Yet, just suppose that Eye could close,  
We'll just suppose the horrid case,  
For only one wee, little doze,  
My bed and I plunge into space.

But now if this new thing is true,  
As I've heard Berkeley tell,  
Fall into space I couldn't do,  
Unless I made it as I fell.

I could not make it for my fall,  
As you will clearly see,  
For if I don't exist at all—  
There's nothing I can do or be!

## THE BRIDE OF THE NORTHLAND.

We set him down in the Northland  
Half-crazed with our terrible strain.  
He cried and called in his madness  
And shrieked aloud in his pain!  
“Let us on, let us on, my brave comrades.  
I tell you, I will! I must forth  
To find my bride of the Northland,  
To feel the kiss of the North.”

His cry went out in the Loneness,  
Over the frozen sea,  
And echoing, echoing, drifting,  
Crept back to my mate and me.  
His heart cried out in its wildness—  
Cried out to the frozen sea—  
And the sound came drifting, drifting,  
Like the gibe of Eternity.

Out of the depths of the Loneness,  
Frail as the dream of an hour,  
Wrapt in the mists of the Northland  
Like the ghost of a white-souled flower.  
White as the snow around her,  
White as the pale moon-flame,  
Out of the mists of the Northland,  
Out of the mists she came.

She stooped to the man in his madness—  
Her eyes gleamed pale with moon-fire.  
He lifted his hot face to meet her  
With the swiftiness of red desire.  
She was gone!—back into the Loneness,  
And the raving lips she had kissed  
Were as cold as the sea around us  
And smiled at the white, white mist.

We left <sup>her</sup> her there in the Northland,  
And he smiled at my mate and me.  
We crossed ourselves in the Loneness

And knelt on the frozen sea.  
We tried to pray for the dead man,  
Alone in his awful tryst—  
Our prayers went drifting, drifting,  
To die in the cold, white mist.

We fled away to the Southward,  
Yet behind us the white, still gleam  
Forced our eyes to turn to the Northward  
As the breath of a dying dream.  
White as the snow around her—  
White as the pale moon-flame—  
Out of the mists of the Northland,  
Out of the mists she came.

Out of the depths of the Loneness,  
Frail as the dream of an hour,  
Wrapt in the mists of the Northland,  
Like the ghost of a white-souled flower.  
She stooped to him in his stillness,  
As he lay on the frozen sea,  
And the mists closed, drifting, drifting,  
Like the clouds of Eternity.

## POETIC JUSTICE.

Oh, dear, the hero's going to die,  
And I'm sure I don't want him to;  
There isn't any reason why—  
Doesn't that seem mean to you?

Oh, now I see—of course, I see.  
I hadn't seen, but it's a fact.  
The program says "a tragedy,"  
And here's the end of the fifth act!

## THE WILL OF A RICH MAN.

(Suggested by the will of Charles Lounsbury, who died in the Cook County Asylum at Dunning, Ill.)

To every child the wide world over  
I leave the songs of the birds at morn  
And the pure sweet breath of fields of clover,  
And I warn of the thistle and thorn.  
I give the cool depths of the meadow grasses,  
And the gold-sanded beds of the brooks,  
The music one sings as onward it passes  
To kiss the green moss in secret nooks.

The frail butterflies whose fairylike features  
Make them things for love and for plunder,  
The bushy-tailed squirrels, quaint wood creatures;  
And the voice of the wood for their wonder.  
Then—the long, long days to be merry in,  
The moon and the milky way of the night.  
Yes—the long, long days, to tarry in  
For when they are old, they will lose the right.

To those who love, their own world lifting,  
To touch the shimmering stars of the sky,  
There is the gift of white clouds drifting  
With the whims of the wind as it passes by!  
Red roses by the old wall clinging,  
Pink-born bloom on shrub and tree,  
And sweet strains ever old songs singing,  
In unforgettable melody.

The fireside warmth of stout logs burning,  
I leave to those who are tired and old,  
Who have followed the road and stand at the turning,  
And the fireside warmth shall never grow cold.  
To live again—again to see,  
And joys of the past ever to keep,  
I grant them the gift of memory  
Till they, contented, fall asleep.



## THE RUINED TEMPLE.

Leave ye your temple,  
Leave ye your tears.  
The marble columns  
Lie at your feet.  
Leave while ye may—  
. . . Nothing gainsay.

It is only for brave hearts  
To leave what was fair,  
Yet outlived, crumbling there.  
    New incense bringing,  
Ye shall live on,  
More than ye were,  
Ye shall return,  
    Gloriously singing.

Live ye today,  
For today and tomorrow.  
Leave yesterday  
    And old garments clinging.  
Ye shall live on,  
More than ye were.  
Ye shall return,  
    Gloriously singing.

Another day  
    Means another need,  
Another self  
    To respond and heed.  
Leave ye your temple,  
    And, singing, know,  
New gods come  
    When old gods go!

## THE GHOST OF ROUSSEAU.

Present at the Meeting of the Estates General, May 5, 1789

Who is this creature, slipped in late  
Who hovers round the Third Estate?  
Eyes filled with strange, unearthly fire,  
Alight with hope of wild desire.

You do not know—  
'Tis old Rousseau?

Now speaks his gracious majesty  
Of his good will right seriously.  
One little thing he doesn't see—  
The people are sovereignty.

"My! but he's slow!"  
Thinks old Rousseau.

And when the guardian of the seals  
Explains his Majesty now feels  
That they must yet deliberate  
On ~~rote~~ <sup>rote</sup> ~~parodie~~ <sup>parodie</sup> or ~~per~~ <sup>per</sup> tête.

"Oh! what a blow!"  
Sighs old Rousseau.

And Necker's speech drones on and on,  
To tell them where their money's gone,  
And ask them now for plenty more,  
Rousseau feels this, too, is a bore.

"Naught does he know,"  
Says old Rousseau.

If they had read what I have writ,  
They'd see the way right out of it,  
And back to Nature they would go  
And leave this silly patchwork show—

"Back would they go,"  
Cries old Rousseau.

"It surely is not here a mission  
To debate upon an old tradition,  
But search their hearts for inspiration,  
To follow up each inclination  
    Would wisdom show,"  
    Quoth old Rousseau.

The King has left them in the hall—  
Amazement sits upon them all.  
"Just look at them all stunned and dumb,  
I really wish I hadn't come,  
    I think I'll go,"  
    Says old Rousseau.

### A PLEA.

Babbie to The Little Minister.

'Twas only a bit I stole away  
From the life you had planned to live,  
A fair fleeting glimpse of a happy day  
I gave you—Ah! won't you forgive?

You gaze from your windows oft with a smile  
For a bird's sweet caroling song,  
She coquettes and cheeps to you without guile,  
She does not know it is wrong.

I was but a wild free thing in play,  
Glad and mad as the bird on the bough,  
'Twas a bit of your heart I stole away,  
Why don't you forgive me now?

## THE PILGRIM.

I've climbed so many weary years—  
There was many an unknown way to breast—  
I have tasted joy and I have known tears,  
Alone stand I upon life's crest.

Shall I look down on the road I have trod  
And see what a small, weak thing I have been,  
That the little cracks in the green hill sod,  
Were the things I feared with the cowardice of sin.

Shall I think of the little praises unspoken—  
And the useless loss of a friendly heart—  
Shall I mourn for promises soon broken  
Or the comradeships that had to part?

Shall I view with the bitterness of the weak—  
The splendid paths some men have made  
As on they travelled, ever to seek  
And right the wrong, unafraid?

Or shall I stand, now the day is done,  
And with a great peace, raise tired eyes—  
To feel the beauty of the dying sun,  
To understand the glory of the evening skies?

## RECOMPENSE.

Is there no joy in progressing?  
Shall we say we never grew?  
Are we weary always guessing  
What the child-heart ever knew?

We have not lost in our living,  
Richer store has come again.  
Though the child-heart plays with fairies,  
Still—the grown-heart lives with men!

## HERO-WORSHIP.

This morning me and mother went  
To see a real live President,  
And all the people in the crowd  
Yelled and yelled for him so loud!  
And I don't really true suppose  
He knows near what my father knows!

Last week the principal she brought  
A man, who taught and taught and taught  
About the birds and fish and trees,  
And animals and humming bees,  
And I just had to sit and smile—  
My father's got him licked a mile!

And when to Sunday School I go,  
I know, if what they say is so,  
That God's so big and strong and pure,  
I tell you now that I'm dead sure  
Not He nor any angel man  
Can tell jokes like my father can!

## THE TEMPLE.

I made a temple, marble-fashioned, and with incense sweet,  
And reverently I closed the gilded doors against the street;  
But as I knelt, the light within the altar candles died,  
And all too well my soul could tell—the Christ had passed  
outside.

With humbled heart, I went into the teeming street again,  
To seek His face in company with other common men.



## NAPOLEON AT MANTUA.

As he comes down along the lake  
He sees the Evening star  
In the silver glow of the moonlit night  
Camp calls seemed wondrous far.  
Before him mystically is seen,  
Like the phantom gleam of a long-lost dream  
The memory face of Josephine.

As he slowly looks on the white-walled town  
Old rememb'rings rise—  
Ghost-like forms from centuries dead  
Walk beside him marvel wise.  
Where are the day thoughts fraught with death?  
Lost in the night's warm breath,  
The light of the moon's in his eyes.

The sun peers forth in a flood-red dawn  
As if it too were bent  
To stain the walls of the old, still town,  
Where the hell-hot shot is sent.  
Things that were no longer are,  
The dying moon shines palely far  
In disillusionment.

## ROSEMARY, THAT'S FOR REMEMBRANCE.

I packed a chest just brimming full  
Of gladsome memories,  
Which I would delight to cull  
In wearied afterdays.

And chief among the treasured throng  
A potent sweetness to it lends  
As thoughts, which to my heart belong  
The memory of my friends.

## I WENT OUT OVER THE RIVER, O—

I went out over the river, O—

The morning star

Shone silver far

In the water's blue.

Wondrous still was the dawn on the hill,  
And you!

I came back over the river, O—

Like a drop of blood

In the darkening flood,

The sun made moan.

Terribly still, I gazed on the hill,  
Alone!

## THE WAR CRY.

Bear him along,

Chant ye your song—

Let your proud colors lie on his breast.

For your cause he has died,

With his sword by his side.

Let your canon-song lull him to rest.

A brave man and true,

He was all that to you.

But he was my son—my son.

What matters to me

Your red victory—

My dreams are fordone—fordone.

Bear him along,

Chant ye your song,

Then leave me alone—alone.

With a cradle-soft swing

I will sing—I will sing,

And my old heart again hold its own.

## THE SONG OF THE WOMEN.

Lord, King of Battles,  
Hear Thou our moan,  
Why should we reap?  
We have not sown.

Into the night, they are marching, marching,  
Marching feet, marching feet,  
Over the fields they have tilled they are marching,  
By the homes they have filled they are marching.  
The heavens are calm and blue over-arching.

Lord, King of Mercies,  
We are alone.  
Why should we reap?  
We have not sown.

Into eternity still they are wandering,  
Wandering souls, wandering souls,  
Terrible, white human souls, they are wandering,  
Stifled with grime and blood, they are wandering,  
The lives we have suffered for recklessly squandering.

Lord, King of Battles,  
And shall we not weep?  
For the lives we have sown,  
Shall we not reap?

Into the night, they have gone from us, singing,  
Singing youths, singing men,  
Led by a toy dream—away from us singing  
Their songs—hellish sweet they have gone from us singing,  
Putting aside the arms that were clinging.

Lord, King of Love,  
Ah, where do you keep?  
See, they have sown—  
But we—we must reap.

## THE CAMPFIRE.

Without, the dark—within, the circle—dreams  
Live on to fulness, and no heart but yearns  
For strange communion. In flame-souled gleams  
It burns—  
Not to be stayed—and so it seems  
Half-mad to hark  
To voices, wanly fading with the dreams  
From that infinity of dark.

To see the faces touched with illusioning fire  
It is to me  
Enchantment. I reach my hands in swift desire  
For yours . . . It is as if your face  
Had come to me before in some far outer place,  
There we had cared—now mystically  
I watch the firelight fleeting stay  
To fade away.

Small is our circle, yet that is all  
That dwells alive for us—ah yes,  
To bear the reddest summer day, we are not taught  
Soulfulness. <sup>so fullness</sup>  
To hear Be-Good, <sup>behold</sup> the circle call—  
The fire dies down, yet lives my groping thought  
In starlight pale.

There is something that with every campfire's soul  
Must always die.  
It is but part—the all renascent whole  
Outlives it. So will I!

## THE FIRE.

Burn on, my fire! I open weary eyes  
To the red glory that smoldering lies  
Among white ashes. Like sunset skies  
Let them touch my waiting heart; disguise  
All else. Let it be living as it dies  
Among white ashes. Let old dreams rise!  
Burn on! Soul of My Fire! Burn on!

Burn on! My Fire! Born of deeper, far than pain,  
Poignant, pulsing fancies of old days  
Of all that cannot ever come again—  
Yet would I have it so. The parting ways  
Are here, ash-cold. Let old dreams rise!  
Burn on! Soul of My Fire! Burn on!

## DOLOR MIHI EST.

Consilium was facere  
That multae would amare  
In Raymond Hall Lathropque  
The tables to rotare.

Sed puellae perterritae  
That pills should sedire  
Cum eis, in exclusio,  
And so would not cedere.

Ira thus all tenuit  
And long it was pugnare  
Nam cur credo licuit  
The tables to rotare?



## MERANDA'S SONG.

I gave my heart unto thee  
    (O my dear, O my dear)  
And you held it heedlessly,  
    Then let it fall and die.  
I have smiled at thy voice often since  
    (O my dear, O my dear)  
Yet white bloom will cause me to wince,  
    And the lark's old song I pass by.

## PRISONERS.

You have broken the fetters and burst the bars  
For a breath of the sky and a glimpse of the stars.  
What thought had you that summer was gone—  
That you would be wiser to stay and live on?  
Your wings were a-throb for air that was free,  
Your eyes were a-mist with blind ecstasy.  
Under your window a bird heart sent  
His wild wood message—and so you went.  
    Can it be wrong  
    To follow a song?

You have broken your vows and burst the bars  
For a breath of the sky and a glimpse of the stars.  
Your limbs were a-thrill for air that was free,  
Your heart was a-beat with blind ecstasy.  
From everyone you must draw apart,  
For, oh! the mad, mad beat of your heart!  
Beyond the cloister someone sent  
A call to you—you heard and went!  
    Can it be wrong  
    To follow a song?

## “RIDE YE AWAY TO THE TOWN, MY LAD.”

Ride ye away to the town, my lad,  
Where the days are short and the nights are long.  
You need not fear my frown, my lad,  
You've a right to hear the red-wine song.  
I have longed in my day,  
So ride ye away—  
Ride ye away to the town.

Ride ye away to the town, my lad,  
Till the gleam of your dream falls to dust  
(As it must, my lad, as it must),  
Then ride ye away from the town, my lad,  
I'll sing ye to rest  
With the song ye loved best—  
Ride ye away—ride ye away from the town.

## 1916'S IN OUR SHOES.

Kind of scared and klopping 'round,  
But elated 'cause they've found  
Something we just can't refuse  
Shoes that 14 used to scorn  
When they were by 15 worn—  
1916's in our shoes.

1916's in our shoes,  
For the lofty Sophomore  
Can wear Freshman shoes no more.  
Though we haven't got the blues,  
We really feel this is the point,  
Our nose is slightly out of joint.  
1916's in our shoes.

## TO MR. RILEY.

'Tis a million good wishes I'm sending to you,  
Over the land tonight.  
I send by the hand  
Of a fairyland band.  
My note's in the cap  
Of a dear little chap.  
A small, wrinkled sprite,  
Who has sworn, honor bright,  
He could carry all right  
The million good wishes I'm sending to you.

'Tis a million good wishes I'm sending to him,  
Under the stars tonight.  
The sprite laughed "Oh, ho!"  
You couldn't know—  
The Raggedy Man  
And poor orphaned Ann  
Were ours till the day  
He stole them away—  
We'll bear, if we may  
The million good wishes you're sending to him.

'Tis a million good wishes I'm sending to you  
By a queer little wrinkled sprite,  
He said, "You may send,"  
Why, he is our friend—  
"He has learned our quaint songs—  
And to us he belongs."  
They danced through the night  
In the yellow starlight  
And I watched out of sight  
The million good wishes I'm sending to you.

TO ELINOR.

You turned your face away from love  
And sold it for a name,  
But, though you know it not, my dear,  
You could not quench its flame.

It does not give you joy, my dear,  
For it did not find you true,  
But a garden full of memories  
It consecrates to you.

TO ———.

Melody, when echoes flee,  
Lingers in the heart of me;  
Fragrance, though rose petals lie  
Trodden down, can never die.  
And so thy touch, when thou art gone,  
In all my dreams shall still live on.

TO MARGARET-WHO-ONCE-WAS-PEGGY.

Margaret-who-once-was-Peggy,  
Do you think I will forget  
'Twas not always Margaret?  
Does not Peggy, quite forsaken,  
Criticise the course you've taken—  
Margaret-who-once-was-Peggy?

Margaret-who-once-was-Peggy,  
Have you your way—oh, have your way?  
But blame me not if I must say  
How sad it is to still find sweet  
A name you have made obsolete—  
Margaret-who-once-was-Peggy.

## TO HER WHO WAS NOT TRUE.

Last year you came to me from far beyond the seas,  
And you walked within my garden walls, one twilight glow.  
I have seen it well, long since, but that night I did not know  
Why the silver starlight lingered, quivering in the trees.

Your smile was deep into my eyes, and tenderly you said,  
"Surely there has never been a night so fair as this!"  
And your white hands touched a moon-flower's face with  
touch that was a kiss—  
Yet when morning broke I found the moon-flower limp and  
dead!

It could not live—it had to die,  
And since—long since—I have known why!

## TO ELINOR.

'Twas the dream of an hour  
That you held in your hand.  
At your touch it awoke  
And quivered and broke,  
And fell like a flower.

Fairest of things,  
Of rose-sheen and gold,  
Frailer and paler  
Than mere hands could hold!  
Wee, broken wings!

In the trail of the past,  
I have left you, indeed.  
Wee wonder-wings!  
Your memory sings,  
Though you could not last.



## TO THE PESSIMIST.

Ah, foolish one, you have hid yourself deep in your creeded  
thought,  
And all the pain and suffering of disbelief has never taught  
(If you but knew!)  
The warm blue sky to seem more far,  
Nor dimmed a single golden star  
(Except for you!).

## LIFE.

Say that life is dour for ane,  
And say 'tis dour for ither,  
But say 'tis unco sweet for baith,  
If we can gae together!

## DEIL-MA-CARE.

O'er a' the wind gaes skirlin'  
And the learings high wi' snaw,  
Th' swift cauld stream is swirlin'  
And the nicht is muckle braw.  
'Gin th' stirks are in the byre  
Bings well housied 'y and ower ken  
And we gather round the fire,  
Fu' cantie in th' but and ben.  
Th' wind may rare  
Deil-ma-care.

## EMBERS.

Draw to the fire, my bonnies, draw,  
And let the drops flow freer;  
Time's the fausest of a' luves,  
And none of us can flee her.  
And the dying embers show  
Our circle growing wee-er.

## THE TURNING OF THE ROAD.

We hae gane the road togither,  
But at last it fa's in twa,  
You'll be lanely at ower ingle  
An' I'll be far awa'—  
'Tis ower hearts they will be burnin'  
Frae the road that's found a turnin'?

Lang we've sat the e'en togither,  
Wi' the singing o' th' lilt,  
Fu' o' praisin' o' the lasses,  
An' the wearin' o' th' kilt.  
Waesucks Oh! but 'tis a yearnin'  
'Gin th' road hae found a turnin'.

Tentless as th' bairns a' playin'  
That leelang we'll not be meetin',  
Ane or ither maun be gaein  
'Gin or na a muckle greetin'!  
Dowie maun we a' be learnin'  
Every road will hae a turnin'.

## MY AIN COUNTRIE.

Your hedges are sweet in bloom,  
Yet they gladden nae my e'e,  
For fairer bloom there is  
In my ain countrie.

The bee maun seek the honey souls  
Of flowers—and so wi' me,  
My heart maun aye be turning  
To my ain countrie.

If I gae to far-off heaven,  
If awa frae hame I dee,  
My heart will aye be yearning  
For my ain countrie.



# Index



A Sonnet on the Rain	16
Adrift	17
After the Years	20
Aftermath	26
Bond, The	3
Boy and Man	39
Bride of the Northland, The	42
Campfire, The	53
Christ at the Crossroads, The	13
"Complete Annihilation"	41
Dear Little Lady in the Big Bed	15
Dedication	5
Deil-Ma-Care	60
Desert, The	34
Dolor Mihi Est	54
Dream, The	22
Dreams	21
Elinor, To	58
Elinor, To	59
Embers	61
Fairies	23
Fantasy	29
Fate of the Mate of the "May Lucile," The	18
Fire, The	54
Flame	8
Future, The	32
Garden Beyond the Walls, The	12
Ghost of Rousseau, The	46
Gift of the Fairies, The	9
Gypsy Heart, The	34
Hero-worship	49
It was the Hour of Spring Flowers	7



I Went Out Over the River, O	51
I Dreamed Last Night	33
Lady of the Twilight, The	14
Lament, A	31
Land of Make-Believe, The	23
Life	60
Lift Ye the Mask	29
Lily, The	10
Lost Ship, The	19
Lost Thing, The	10
Love Song	25
Lullaby	30
Margaret-Who-Once-Was-Peggy, To	58
Masterpiece, The	8
Memory, A	24
Meranda's Song	55
Moonrise	26
Mr. Riley, To	57
My Ain Countrie	62
Napoleon at Mantua	50
"Nay, Do Not Pity Him! He Needs It Not"	38
Nest, The	11
Old Story, The	15
Open Sea, The	17
Perfect Hour, The	22
Perspective Lullaby, A	30
Pessimist, To the	60
Pilgrim, The	48
Piper, To the	6
Play	8
Plea, A	47
Poetic Justice	43
Prisoners	55
Psyche, To	7
Recompense	48

Remembrance	24
Reveries	20
“Ride Ye Away to the Town, My Lad”	56
Road, The	32
Rose, To A	11
Rosemary, That’s for Remembrance	50
Roses	21
Ruined Temple, The	45
Song	25
Song of the Morning	6
Song of the Swing, The	13
Song of the Women, The	52
Song that Fancy Sings to Fact, The	12
Sonnet	31
Spring	27
Star, The	26
Temple, The	49
The Wine of Life	36
“Thou Shalt Love Thy Neighbor”	14
To————	58
To Her Who Was Not True	59
Turning of the Road	61
Twilight Land, The	28
Two Pictures	35
Walls, The	40
Wanderer, The	33
War Cry, The	51
“We’ll Go No More A Wandering”	35
What’s the Use	16
When You are Tired	29
Will of a Rich Man, The	44
Winter Garden, The	28
1916’s in Our Shoes	56







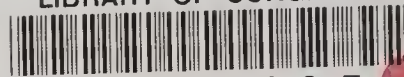








LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



0 015 909 673 7

